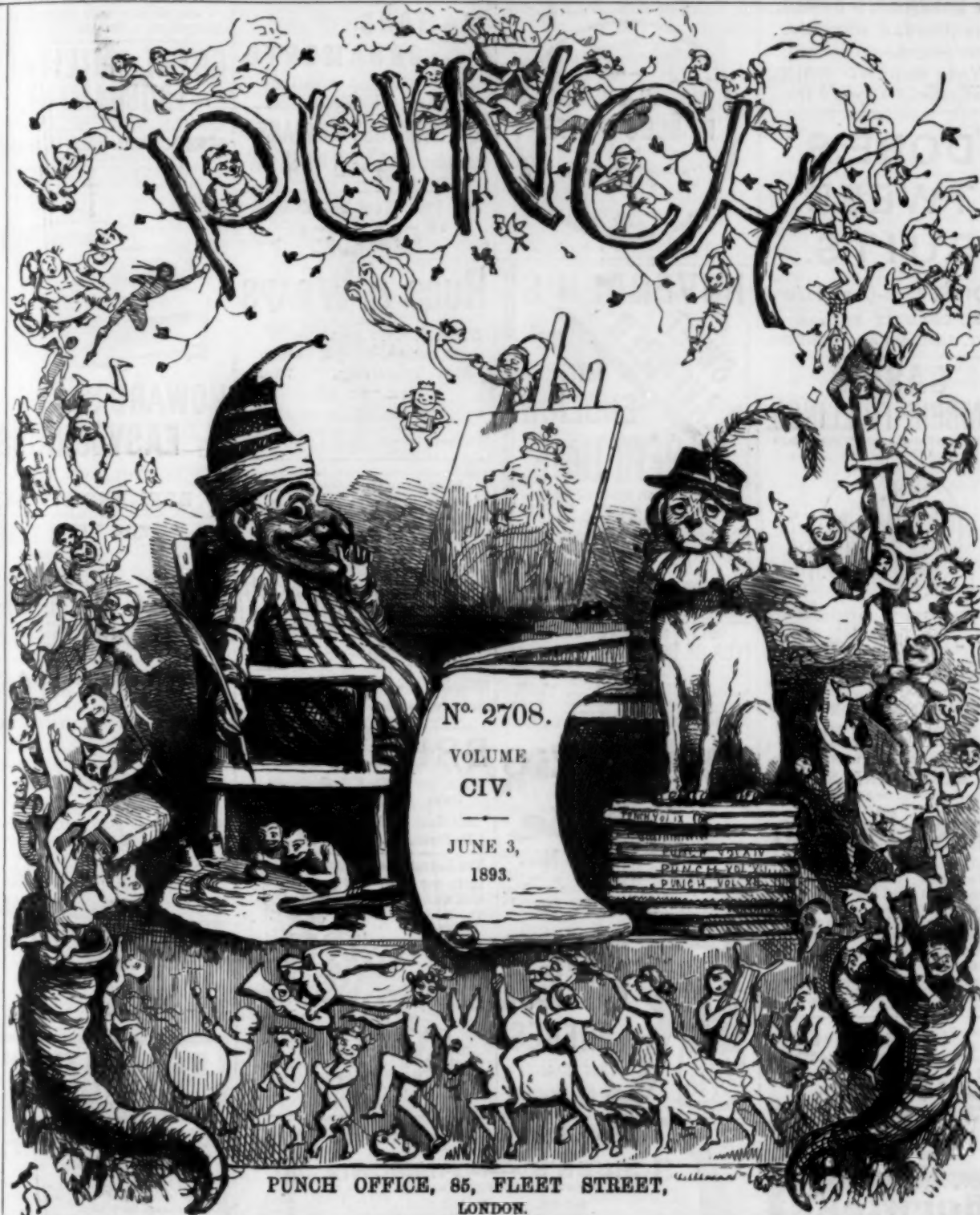


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MIXED NOTIONS.

XI.—THE PEEPAGE.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

Inquirer (to *First Well-Informed Man*). Who was that young fellow you were talking to on the platform? I thought I knew his face, but I couldn't put a name to him.

First W. I. M. (with an affectation of unconcern). What, the chap who gave me a cigarette? That's Lord PECKHAM, the son of the Marquis of NUNHEAD. He's our Member of Parliament, you know. Not at all a bad chap when you know him; a little stiff at first, perhaps, but it soon wears off.

Second W. I. M. You know him pretty well, I suppose.

First W. I. M. (suspiciously). Yes, pretty well—that is, I've seen him at meetings and all that, and voted for him at the last Election.

Second W. I. M. Ah, I only asked because his name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

First W. I. M. What?!

Second W. I. M. (doggedly). His name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

First W. I. M. 'Pon my word, this is really a little too much. Is there any other little scrap of information you'd like to give? Perhaps you'll tell me your own name isn't—

Second W. I. M. (interrupting). I said his name wasn't Lord PECKHAM, and it isn't. It's Lord ALGERNON PECKHAM, as a matter of fact I never met him at meetings, or voted for him, or anything of that kind, but I know I'm right all the same.

First W. I. M. (derisively). Pooh! what's the odds? If you like to talk of lords by their christian names, I'm sure I don't want to prevent you. You'll be telling us something about Lord BILL SALISBURY or Lord JIMMY SPENCER next.

Second W. I. M. Rubbish. You've got to call certain lords by their christian names, because they've got courtesy titles.

Inquirer. What's a courtesy title?

Second W. I. M. Oh! it's not a real title, you know, at all. So they shove in a christian name to distinguish it. It's a matter of politeness.

First W. I. M. All right; next time you see him you'd better call him ALGERNON, and see if he thinks you're so blessed polite as you seem to think yourself.

Inquirer. But, look here, isn't his brother called Lord BROCKLEY?

Second W. I. M. Yes. What about it?

Inquirer. Well, is that what you call a courtesy title?

Second W. I. M. Of course not. He's the eldest son of the Marquis, and eldest sons don't have courtesy titles, because they inherit their fathers' titles afterwards.

Inquirer. Well, anyhow, I can't make it all out. Both these chaps are lords, and they're both of 'em brothers, and one has got a courtesy title, and the other hasn't, and their names are different—and yet they're both Members of the House of Commons. What's the use of having a House of Lords, if we're to have a lot of lords in the House of Commons as well? I don't see it.

First W. I. M. (testily). My dear chap, you can't have every lord in the House of Lords, you know. There isn't room for 'em there.

Inquirer. Well, then, if you can't get into the House of Lords, what's the use of being a lord?

Second W. I. M. (sarcastically). You can always stand on platforms, you know, and give away cigarettes to your intimate friends.

First W. I. M. (stung beyond endurance). Oh, we're jealous, are we? That's the latest Radicalism, I suppose. Why, you're one



"A LIBERAL MEASURE."

Rude Boy (to *Stout Party* on *Weighing-Machine*, which is out of order, and won't work). "SHOVE IN ANOTHER PENNY, GUV'NER. IT'S DOUBLE FARE TO CHAPS O' YOUR SIZE!"

what it says. The House of Lords is (remembers by a flush) a Supreme Court of Appellate Jurisdiction.

Inquirer. What's that?

First W. I. M. Well, if any Johnny loses a case he appeals to the House of Lords.

Inquirer. But how do you account for young BLOSSOM's case then? They had him up for assaulting a ticket-collector last Derby Day, and when the Magistrate convicted him, they asked him to grant a case, but he wouldn't.

First W. I. M. I don't know how that was. Perhaps you haven't got it right. But old HOBBS fought BARNACLE & Co. right away up to the House of Lords in that steamship case, and won it too.

Inquirer. But, look here, supposing you were to do anything to me, knocked me down, or bagged my watch, or anything of that kind, could you fight me up to the House of Lords about it?

First W. I. M. Of course I could.

Inquirer (with conviction). Well, then, I'm for doing away with the House of Lords. [Terminus.]

NOTHING NEW.—The Telephone was known to the Romans, *vide* HORACE, Ode XIII.—

"Quem tu, Lydia Telephi,"

which is evidently, when properly rendered, "Whom you, LYDIA of the Telephone, will tell me all about"—or whatever the next line may be. LYDIA was a "Démouille du TÉLÉPHONE." HORACE a gay dog, probably a trifle jealous.

CORRECT CARD AS TO THE NEW DRAMATIC STAR AT THE LYRIC.—SIBYLLA DUSE's name is pronounced, not as "Deuce," but as "Du-say," and, as Zummerzetshire folk would observe, "they du say as she be uncommon good." Not having yet seen her, our Critic can't be asked, "And what d'you say?"

THE MODERN MARTYR; OR, THE REAL "FLOWING TIDE."

[“A crowded meeting of Lambeth Ratepayers was held at Brixton Hall to protest against what was called ‘The alarming, the extraordinary, unexplained, and unexpected’ increase in the rates of that parish. The attendance was so large that many persons were unable to obtain admission.”—*Daily News*.]



(Mr. Punch, in heartfelt sympathy with the Lambethian Protest against the "Raising of the Rates," parodies Poe's well-known poem, in the hope that it may help the Ratepayers in their most righteous revolt.)

I.
HEAR big BUMBLE with the Rates—
Swollen Rates!
What a world of twaddle in defence of them
he prates!

How he patters, patters, patters,
About "precepts," and their might!
Till our last faint hope he shatters,
That, in our "parochial matters,"
Things may be—some day—put right.

For they climb, climb, climb,
Rising higher every time,
While, to our exasperation, BUMBLE
bumpiously orates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates—
Of the rising and the swelling of the Rates!

II.

See the quarterly Poor-Rates—
Growing Rates!
What a world of misery they mean to our
poor pates!
What an utter bore one votes
The collector, who will call for them, and
grumble, while he gloats!
With what a pompous bearing he despotically
"Latest dates!" [states]
How it grates
On his Victim! How he prates
Of the dread Distraint that waits
The poor chap who shirks prompt paying of
the Rates, Rates, Rates!
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates!
The paying, sans delaying, of the Rates!

III.

See the County-Council Rates—
Rising Rates! [gressive prates]
What a tale of terror now! The prim Pro-
In our startled ears attent
Of the "Unearned Increment,"
Of Ground Values which they seek
To tax high, to help the weak
Out of pocket!
They make clamorous appealing for our votes,
which they desire;
We make vain expostulations that the Rates
—of which we tire—
Jump up higher, higher, higher,
With a manifest endeavour
To come down—oh! never, never!
But rush upward like a rocket.
Yet the poor man fully knows,
By the babbling,
And the gabbling.
That the Rate-Tide flows and flows,
With a progress sure as Fate's.
All the jangling,
And the wrangling,
The dread danger nought abates,
Of the swaying and the swelling in the flood-
tide of the Rates,
Of the Rates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates,
The choking, drowning, flood-tide of the
Rates!

IV.

See the ruinous "Board"-Rates—
Rampant Rates!
What a world of solemn thought their domi-
nance dictates!
In the silence of the night,
How we shudder with affright,
At their melancholy menace! Big, full-
blown
Boards—Asylums, School—your votes
Thrust huge charges down our throats
Till we groan!
And the People—ah the People!
What care School-house, Vestry,
For their moan? [Steeple,
After polling, polling, polling
Our blind votes for men scarce known,
The elect exult in rolling
On our aching hearts a stone.
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither just nor human—
They are Ghouls:
These elect of purblind polls
Each one rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
That huge stone of rising Rates
O'er our bosom and our pates.



A POST-OBIT.

"THERE, MAJOR, IT'S THE BEST LIKENESS I EVER HAD TAKEN OF ME—AND POOR
FRED NEVER SAW IT!"

'Tis our Nightmare. It inflates
Every time, time, time,
Without reason without rhyme,
But, by heaven, it is time
We should kick against the crime
Of this robbery by Rates,
By big Rates, Rates, Rates!
Raise a bobby 'gainst these Rates!!!
Lambeth feels that it is time!
BUMBLE prates, prates, prates!
HOMER'd words won't stint the crime.
Lambeth's protest *Punch* elates,
So he slates, slates, slates
The Board-ogres (whom he hates)
Who pile up their crushing Rates
Upon poor shop-keeping pates,

And clerk-incomes! (Hard *their* fates!)
And on *Punch's* heart it grates
Does this poverty-squeezing crime
Of high Rates, Rates, Rates!
And he's ready any time
With his *bâton* for their pates
Who would harry the Ratepayer in South
London, or elsewhere,
Who raise—and none too soon—potent
Protests to declare
'Gainst the raising of the Rates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates,
'Gainst the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rightly moaning, rightly groaning
'gainst the Rates!!!!

HIBERNIA VICTRIX.

(Impressions of last Whit-Sunday's Home-Rule Demonstration.)

ARGUMENT. — The Reader is requested, for the purposes of this Sketch, to place himself in the mental attitude of one of the ordinary Lukewarm Londoners who habitually attend Hyde Park Demonstrations on fine afternoons. In the present case such political opinions as he possesses rather tend towards Unionism; but he has come out with a laudable disposition to listen to argument — so long as he finds it amusing. He is reassured by the sentiments, "Union is Strength," and "United we stand—Divided we Fall," which figure prominently on the banners, and do not appear to be considered at all incongruous with the objects of the meeting. Threading his way through the bandmen, and vendors of badges, penny slices of pine-apple, Socialist Catechisms, Official Programmes, and lime-juice tablets, who are all old acquaintances of his, he arrives at last within earshot of the First Orator, who is gesticulating from a waggon uncomfortably full of Patriotism, and seems to be expressing the stereotyped satisfaction with the attendance.

The First Orator. — with a heart full to overflowing that I look around on this magnificent demonstration, on the thousands upon thousands of the Working Classes of this great City of London, assembled in this Park to-day, determined, every man of them, to show that they will no longer — &c., &c. (Which causes our Lukewarm Londoner to reflect that the Demonstration, exceeding, as it does, by several hundreds, one which met last year to protest against the wrongs of Washermen, is too significant of the state of popular feeling to be ignored.) Yes, my friends, the great and glorious cause for which EMMETT died, for which O'CONNELL pleaded, &c., &c. . . that cause is at last attained. A Committee of the House of Commons has finally and irrevocably declared, by a substantial majority, that Ireland is henceforth to have a separate and independent Legislature.

[This puzzles the L. L., who doesn't quite understand why, if it is all comfortably settled, they should trouble to demonstrate at all; he decides to go on, and hear what the man in the next waggon has to say, and finds him passionately imploring the meeting to concede self-government to his country.]

Second Orator. All we ask of you is to give us a chance of managing our own affairs ourselves, and see what we make of them — to let us alone, and leave us free to live in peace together, and make our down-trodden country a going concern. If only Ireland is independent, all her thousands of barren and uncultivated acres will burst into bloom once more, her factory-chimneys will smoke, and her machinery be set in motion again, and from America, from Canada, from the Colonies, and from every part of the world, she will see millions of her expatriated children hurrying back across the seas to occupy the desolate cottages from which they were driven forth by an oppressive landlordism!

[The L. L. is considerably impressed by this picture, and thinks that, if Home-Rule is going to do all that, it can't be so bad, after all; after which, he moves on to listen to the next Speaker.]

Third Orator. They tell you we Irish are not fit to govern ourselves. It's a lie! Look at America, look at Australia, where I come from myself. Why, every chief political post in all their Governments out there are held — by whom do ye think? — by Irishmen! Yes, it's Irishmen that govern every country but their



MISUNDERSTOOD.

(In the Club Smoking-room.)

Brown. "YOU HAVE NO ENGAGEMENT TO DINE HERE ON MONDAY, MY DEAR FELLOW, HAVE YOU?"

Jones (hastily consulting his Memoranda). "No; I think not. I SHALL BE DELIGHTED —"

Brown. "WELL, NO — IT IS NOT EXACTLY THAT; BUT I WANT YOU TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LEND ME YOUR NAME, AS I HAVE THREE STRANGERS DINING WITH ME."

waggon further on, and, as he still has some lingering misgivings on this subject, he is anxious to have them removed.

Fifth Orator. Some of you may ask me, "What about Ulster?" (Derisive laughter.) Well, I'm going to tell ye what my opinion about Ulster is. I've no opinion of Ulster at all. As for Orangeism, the only Orangeism that's of any importance is the Orangeism of the old women who sell that delicious vegetable in the streets. (Cheers and laughter.) I tell ye what they are up in Belfast — a set of bitter, persecuting bigots — that's what they are! Why, they won't appoint a man there — even to the lowest office they have — if he happens to be a Catholic. Now we've none of that in the South. Some years ago, under Mr. BALFOUR (booing) — ah, don't hiss 'um now, he's not worth it — under Mr. BALFOUR, I got three months' hard, and six months' soft after that — and all for h'what? Why, just for advising the Catholics down in the South to treat the Protestants there the same as they treated them up in the North! But, as I said, we've no ill-feeling against them whatever — we only want to live in love and brotherhood with them if we're allowed, and take our fair share in managing the industry and commerce of our common country, and, if Ulster presumes to resist the will of Parliament and the will of the People of England, — why, Ulster will have to be put down by main force — and there's an end of it!

[This convinces the L. L. that any internal discords are in the highest degree improbable, and, with a mind at ease, he moves on once more, and is fortunate enough to catch a scathing attack from a humorous Orator on various members of the Opposition, which covers them with well-deserved ridicule.]

Sixth Orator. As for JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, why, he's only trying, before he's made a juke of, to drive a few more Birmingham screws into the coffin of the Home-Rule Bill, so we need say no more about him. (The Audience observe that he "let JOE 'ave it, and

own — to-day — and are we to be told — ? &c., &c. (This argument hits the L. L. very hard indeed, because he cannot help seeing, as a reasonable man, that if the Americans and Colonials prefer to entrust the conduct of their affairs to Irishmen, we must be safe in following their example.) Then there's the question of finance, and on that I say — treat us generously, and you'll find we shan't forget it. (His audience show a magnanimous willingness to waive all sordid considerations of expense, and the L. L. feels that since we are going to do the thing, we'd better do it handsomely.) Yes, we've fought your battles for you in the past, and we're ready to fight them for you in the future. You'll find we can be good friends — and (with a sudden change to menace) — d — d bad foes!

[Enthusiastic cheers from crowd, amidst which the L. L. leaves for the next platform, with a conviction that it is hopeless to think of maintaining the Union any longer after that. The next Orator is discussing the Ninth Clause, concerning which the L. L. vaguely remembers having heard there is some little difference of opinion.]

Fourth Orator. Well, now, about this Ninth Clause. What we say is this: — We'd rather be quietly at home in our own country, managing our affairs our own way. But — if England wants us, or if Mr. GLADSTONE wants us, or if JOHN MORLEY wants us, — why, we're perfectly willing to stay on at Westminster and help you to manage yours. What more do you want of us?

[The L. L. feels that nothing can be fairer, and that this disposes of the whole difficulty. But here his attention is attracted by the name of Ulster from a Speaker in a

no mistake, that time," and the L. L. is reluctantly compelled to agree with them.) Then there's GOSCHEN—it's a pity some of you can't lend him a new voice, for he's none of his own left by this time! (Roars of laughter at this deadly political thrust.) And TOMMY B.—"BOLUA," I call 'um—well, his party 'll never come and sing to him—"Oh, TOMMY, we have missed you!"

[His hearers are more convulsed than ever, and remark that, "Talk about reg'lar wit, they've heard nothing to come up to this chap, that they haven't!" But the L. L., though he shares their admiration, is unable to remain longer, as he can hear a neighbouring Orator dealing with the possibility of the Bill being rejected by the Upper House; and he is rather anxious to know what will happen then.

Seventh Orator. Some talk of the House of Lords daring to throw out the Bill, and obstruct the will of Parliament, and the wishes of the People of England. Well, I only hope they will—for that 'll be the end of them. What do you want with a House of Lords over you at all? They get along very well without a House of Lords over in America—aye, and in the Colonies too. The fact is, you Englishmen go around saying, "Britons never will be Slaves," and all the time you're the biggest slaves upon the face of the earth! (Frantic applause from the crowd at this complimentary description of themselves.) As for Lord SALISBURY, all I can say is—it would have been a good thing for England if his mother had taken and drowned him in a pail of water the minute he was born! (His hearers enthusiastically endorse this crushing estimate of Lord SALISBURY's career and services.) The Tories hate the Irish—that's where it is; they'd like to emigrate 'em—migrate 'em, hang 'em, shoot 'em down in the last ditch, if they could—but, in spite of Tory animosity, and Tory obstruction, and the bitter hatred of the Clubs and the Classes, Irishmen and Englishmen are going to be brothers at last, and clasp hands warmly for all time in a true union of hearts!

[And so on, until the resolution is put and carried; and the L. L. leaves the Park, so favourably impressed by these various arguments as almost to make up his mind that—if he ever takes the trouble to get himself put on the register—he would as soon vote for Home-Rule as not, after all. Which proves that these Demonstrations produce more effect than some people imagine.

AMONG THE SAVOYARDS.

To the regular play-god *Jane Annie* ought to revive some pleasant memories of situation, plot, and tune. To any Cantab, who years ago was a member of the A. D. C., the song and dance of the Proctor and the two Bull-dogs will awaken pleasant reminiscences. The photograph of the three who took part in a similar trio being, to this day, on view in the rooms of the Club. The Proctor was played by AUGUSTUS GUEST, in strictly correct costume, not as Mr. BARRINGTON is attired; the part of the tall Bull-dog was taken by one of the HAMBROS, and that of the short one, if I remember aright, was played by a slight undergraduate named PARTRIDGE. Their song and dance was one of the principal features in the burlesque of

Alonzo the Brave; and now at the Savoy the song and dance of the "Bull-dogs," and the dance of the Proctor and Bull-dogs, are the two "hits"—and the only ones—of this otherwise tame burlesque.



Proctor and Dancing Bull-dogs.

The page-boy recalls a similar part in *The Boarding School*, to the plot of which old piece that of this very "new and original" burlesque bears a certain resemblance. That the composer had unconsciously the air of "*Trifle not with Love*" in his memory when he wrote the song for Miss BRANDRAM, in Act II., must be evident to all who heard *La Cigale*. Perhaps the composer was hypnotised, as is the Governess in this piece, when she writes letters to different persons; only that the composer penned notes instead, and the commencing combination of these notes is not absolutely new.

The dialogue is attempted on the Gilbertian-Savoy model, which the inventor understands, but which imitators do not. The consequence is, that while everything is done in the way of scenery, costume, singing, and acting, to make the piece "go," it won't stir a peg. Who chose it? Who was so pleased with the libretto that he would have it set? And who chose the composer? O Savoy management! Say *roy* did you do it? However, "a time will come," and a tune too, and when the temporarily disunited Savoyanese Twins, "S. AND G.," who, elsewhere, individually and separately, have not been so very successful in their work, are once more united, they will have a better chance than ever, of which they ought to do their best to make the most.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

WEIRD machine of
strange design,
I must yield to
thine embrace;
Unto thee must I
resign
All my fortunes
for a space.
Upwards, helplessly
I glide,
Backwards now my
head is reeling;
And I'm told to
"open wide,"
While I'm gazing
at the ceiling.
Frantically thine
arms I seize,
Unknown horrors I await;



In the gruesome Dentist's Chair.

Thou art heedless
of my squeeze,
Thou art careless
of my fate.

More of this I can't
endure,
All my pain and an-
guish 's vanished;
Thou hast worked a
perfect cure,
Thanks to thee,
my toothache 's
banished.

Stretch me rather
on the rack,
Throw me in a lion's
lair; [back
Not again will I lie

THE DIRGE OF THE DINER-OUT.

(A Plaint with which multitudes will sympathise.)
My dinner's spoiled and my digestion's marred
By torrid Tory's and by raving Rad's tone.
I'm hungry and hate politics! 'Tis hard;
I ask for bread and they give me a (Glad)
stone!
That awful sound, strife-breeding, poisonous,
septic! [peptic.
It drives all my friends mad—and me dys-
Talk of First Night, Last Murder, Latest
Winner!
But bar the G. O. M.—at least at dinner!

"FAIR AND SOFTLY."

DR. ROBINSON ROOSTEM PASHA says he deals
out fair and equal measure to all his patients,
no matter what their rank and station in life
may be. He says to them all, "Just wait."
And isn't "just weight" a perfectly fair
measure?

SECOND TITLE FOR THE PLAY AT THE
HAYMARKET.—*A Woman of No Importance*;
or, *It's a Wise Child that Knows
its Own Father*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TIME OF LIFE.—"*Pre-
mier(e) Jeunesse*."

THE LADY VISITOR.—Canon AINGER did well to be annoyed with the Lady Visitor who came touting at lunch time. Hers was not an Angel's visit, but his temper was Aingerical. Did she seek the bubble reputation even in the Cannon's mouth? An inopportune moment as the Canon's mouth was full. This Canon was not to be rifled. *A propos*, a correspondent sends us the following riddle:—"Why did Canon AINGER object to the Lady Book-Carver?" "Because her conduct was On-Canon-I-call." He signs himself "JESTING PILOT," and dates from Holney Catch.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

The Professor (to Hostess). "THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING! I SHALL INDEED GO TO BED WITH PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS,—AND YOU WILL BE THE VERY LAST PERSON I SHALL THINK OF!"

THE DERBY "SWEEP," OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

An Epsom Eclogue, set somewhat to the strain of "Lockiel's Warning."

"I am assured that Mr. GLADSTONE himself has at this moment not the slightest chance of being returned again for Midlothian."

Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham]

SCENE—*The Course on the Derby-Day. Venerable Parliamentary Chief, GRANDOLMAN, in holiday attire, is greatly enjoying himself. The Picnic provender is peculiarly good, and he has just dined the Favourite (in his opinion) in a "Derby Sweep." To him enters the shrewd, but somewhat sinister-looking GIPSY JOSEFA, offering venal vaticinations.*

Grandolman (impatiently).

OH bother! Get out! Don't you see I am busy?
(*Aside.* Doesn't dress for the part half as well as did DIZZY!)
You tell me my fortune? Oh well, that will keep.
What I want to know now is—my chance in the "Sweep."
Eh? "Home Rule?" That is luck! I feel sure of my tin,
For I fancy the Favourite will just about win.

Gipsy Josefa (viciously).

GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! Beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array!
For a field of defeat rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Midlothian are scattered in fight.
As I told the good Brums, you won't have half a chance,
When next Scottish warriors against you advance.
They rally, they fight for the Kingdom and Crown;
Woe, woe to the Chief who would trample them down!
But hark! Through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh GRANDOLMAN! Hibernia shall wait
With a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there!
They who backed that old crook are reduced to despair.

ERIN weeps, to Coercion's captivity led
By the foolish false friends who would give you your head.
For a general "Get out!" over England shall wave,
And PAT, SANDY, and TAPPY, in vain try to save!

Grandolman (disdainfully).

Oh come, look you here, you're a nuisance, my girl!
(*Aside*—Ah! those are not dear DIZZY's dark eyes and smart curl!)
Go, preach to the coward, you doom-dealing seer,
My horse you won't get at, my book you won't queer!
"Draw, Chief!" cried MCCARTHY. And what is my horse?
"Home Rule," as you see! A good omen—of course!

Gipsy Josefa (gloomily).

Ha! GRANDOLMAN, thou laughest my vision to scorn!
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn.
When next the Old Eagle sails valiantly forth
To the fight 'midst the dark-rolling clouds of the North,
By the fire shower of ruin the Bird shall be driven
From his eyrie, his home near the dark Scottish heaven.
White-crested GRANDOLMAN, the peerless in fight,
You'll find the derided JOSEFA was right.
With silver she knows you will not cross her palm.
But—she'll tell you your fortune for nothing! 'Tis balm
To the oft-flouted gipsy to picture your fate,
She was too proud to feed on the scraps from your plate!
But the Romany's deep revenge comes—she can wait—
And the Romany's warning you'll heed—when too late!

Grandolman (defiantly).

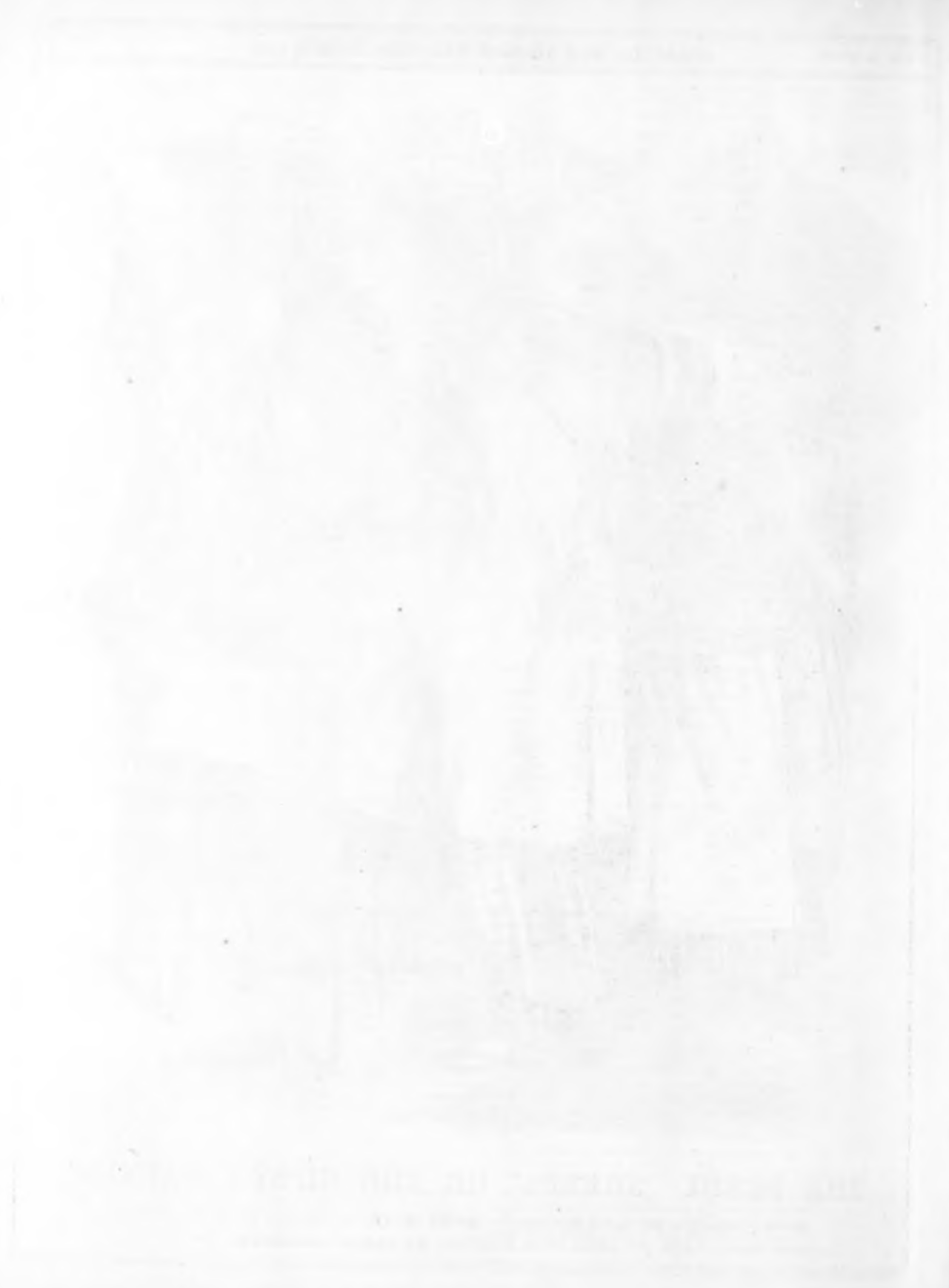
False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
The three hundred and sixty will fight like one man;
They'll be true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be SALISBURY's steed to the shock!
If he dash on like foam, he shall find me a rock.
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When GRANDOLMAN his claymore indignantly draws;



THE DERBY "SWEEP;" OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

MR. G. (*jubilantly* to MR. J-ST-N McC-RTHY). "HOME RULE, BY JOVE! THAT IS LUCK!!"

GIPSY JOSEFA. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN!!"



When his bonneted Chieftains to Victory crowd,
ROSEBERRY the dauntless, and MORLEY the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their battle array—

Gipsy Josefa (venomously).

— GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! beware of the day!
Yourself, and your horse, and your followers shall fail—

Grandolman (viciously).

Oh, shut up, false tipster! I trust not your tale.
Go vaticinate, in your own verjuice style,
To Bookies and Brummies! At bogies I smile.
GRANDOLMAN, untainted by flight or by chains,
Whilst the kindling of life in this old breast remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
But that's peroration, not Derby-day chat,
The Oracle's fair—though 'tis only a hat;
I've drawn a good chance; I'm in holiday mood,
And this lobster salad's remarkably good,
So why, my JOSEFA, your teeth sourly crunch?
Do shut up, and let me get on with my lunch!

[Turns thereto with fresh appetite.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday, May 25.—Special Night. Attendance in State—usual state (after short dinner) of looking forward to supper—of your Commissioner. Excellent performance of *Roméo et Juliette*, in mixed French and Italian, by Madame MELBA, as the Fair Capulet, and M. ALVAREZ as the Young Montagu. Waltz song perfect, and both *Roméo* and *Juliet* in excellent voice. M. PLANCON very good as *Friar Lawrence*, the Friar of "Orders not admitted after seven." *Tybalt*, by M. BONNARD, good. The duels very tame. Madame GUERCI, as *Stephano*, the Contralto Buttons in the service of the House of Montagu, who has such a big chance with that one song, lacked spirit exactly where she ought to have had the courage of her opinions, that is, in her fight with *Bencoglio Rinaldini*. Why is *Juliet's* poison-drinking scene invariably omitted? She does take the poison in the Friar's presence, but she drops the solo—which is a drop too little, or too much, according to the point of view taken of it by the audience. Mile. BAUERMEISTER good, of course, as *The Nurse*, but looks more like disguised fairy whose crutch will turn into a wand, and who, on shuffling off the mortal coil, will pirouette on one leg and say to *Roméo* and *Juliet*, "Bless you, my children!" and all will end happily. Crammed house. Opera going strong!



Signorina Vibrata.

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY (Suggested by a recent lecture full of Treasuries).—If a man be by profession an actor and cannot act, this should not tell against him with an imaginative public. Granted an imaginative public, that is a public which when it sees a thin man playing the part of a fat man imagines that the thin man is a fat man, then when it sees an actor acting who can't act (a contradiction only in terms), let them imagine that this actor can act, and such a public is satisfied. Carry imagination further, let the manager imagine that a failure is a success, that an empty house is full; and let the actor imagine that he is in receipt of fifty pounds per week, when, as a matter of fact, he is being paid only five. What pleasure all round! (To be probably introduced into the next lecture by Mr. BIRCHBROOM TWIG on "Various Branches of Dramatic Art.")

RAIN IN FASHION.—During the Season, whenever there is a fashionable function going on, the Society papers notify the fact of the presence of several "smart people." Last Tuesday fortnight, when the rain put in its welcome appearance,—it just "dropped in" for half an hour,—the papers generally referred to it as a "smart shower in London."

SOMETHING IN A NAME—BUT "NOT MUCH."—The *St. James's Gazette* tells us that the subscription to the Shelley Memorial Library will have to be abandoned if the funds do not speedily and considerably increase. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary and his name is—"LITTLE."

DERBY DREAMS UP TO DATE.

THE Archbishop of —, on awakening from a recent *siesta*, asked, "What had become of the Giraffe?" On further inquiry, it appeared that His Grace had seen, in a vision, one of those scarce animals at the Zoo offering him some jelly. Upon the strength of this omen the Archbishop's Examining Chaplain immediately backed *Isinglass* for a place in the forthcoming race at Epsom.

A certain Prime Minister the other day dreamed that he was standing in front of a mirror, while humming his favourite melody, "*The Wearing of the Green*." His youngest son, noticing the glass, and hearing his father exclaim "I sing," added "glass" to it, and has since put the pot on the favourite heavily.

A noted Golfer, who has a commanding position on the Conservative side of the House, dreamed the other day that he saw a maiden being frozen to death on the links at Felixstowe. It immediately occurred to him that the lass was being iced, in fact, that the cold weather was icing lass. Since then a letter containing bank notes to a large amount has been despatched to a Turf Commissioner resident in Boulogne.

A well-known Temperance Lecturer had a vision the other day that he was pursued by the Drink Demon. He tried to catch it, and looked for it everywhere. Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "is in glass." He noticed that the spirit had indeed taken refuge in a tumbler. Since then the gallant Baronet has backed Mr. McCALMONT's horse for any amount.

The sequel to these interesting dreams will be known on Epsom Downs at about 4 P.M. on Wednesday, May 31. Until then, the Dreamers can rest in peace. After that date these dreams may prove themselves to have been not dreams of winning horses, but, simply, night-mares.



BALLADE OF AN OXONIAN.

I DEBATE with a logical calm,
A cool, imperturbable ease,
My opponents succumb in alarm
As their points I relentlessly seize,
And whistle them all down the breeze.
Among actors I'm quite in the van,
My style's rather better than
TREES',
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

My volume of Verses, *Aux Dames*,
With the "Lines to the Lovely
Marquise"—
A fragment of singular charm—
Neither CHATTO nor UNWIN could
please.
And yet, when at afternoon teas
I recite them as only I can,
On this each old lady agrees,
I'm a talented Oxford Young
Man.



SPOHR and MENDELSSOHN soothe
me like balm;
By ear I can play, in all keys,
Any air from a jig to a psalm,
And funeral marches and glees.
I dabble in colours; sweet peas
I sketch on AMELIA's fan, (these,
And show her, by actions like
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

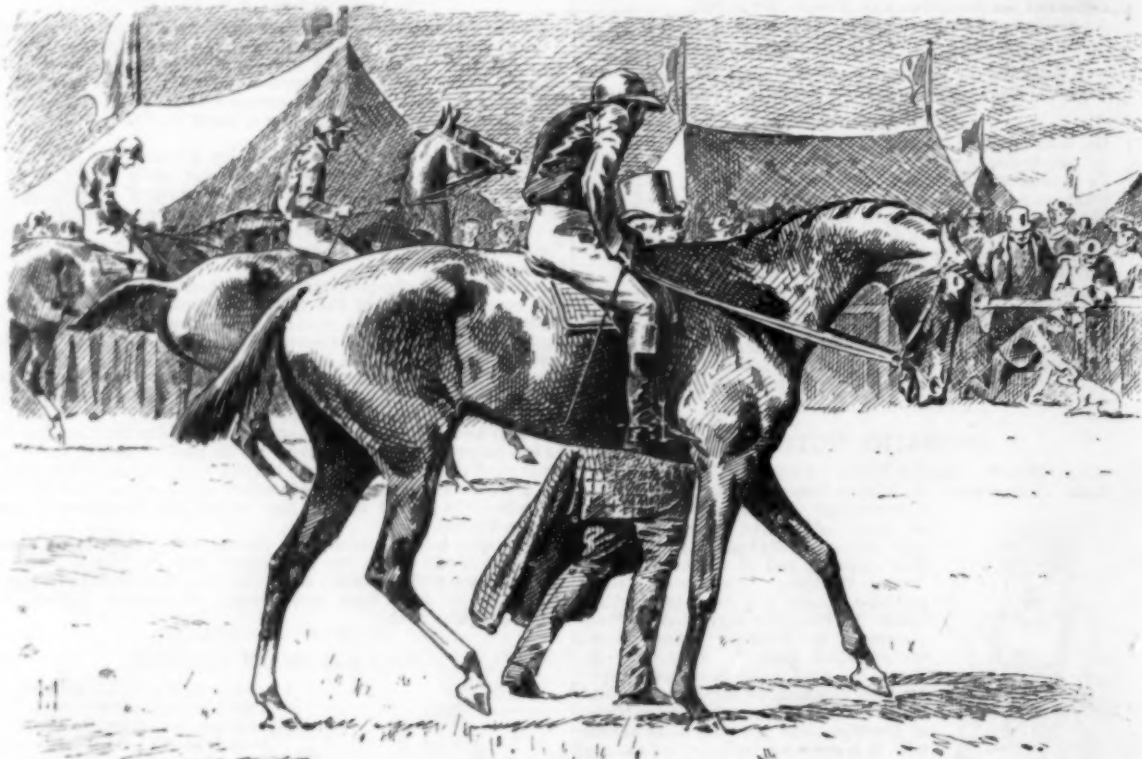
L'Envoi.

Again I am ploughed. Take your
fees,
Accursed Examining clan!
But—why should I care for
degrees—
I'm a talented Oxford Young
Man.

MORE PLUMS FOR MASTER J-HENRY L. T.-LE.—Mr. ELLIOT STOCK, a note in the *St. James's Gazette* informs us, has just published an edition of *Walker's Siege of Londonderry*. Another chance of advertisement for the lucky comedian, J. L. T.-LE. Of course he'll go on tour—a Pedestrian or Walker tour—and will add Derry to London. When at Londonderry the theatre will be besieged by the public anxious to see *Walker*.

"THE Royal Couple in Tirnova," read out Mrs. R.'s nephew. "Well!" exclaimed the good lady; "I never! I suppose we shall next hear of the Emperor and Empress going in a roundabout swing at a fair! They'd better 'turn over' a new leaf," added Mrs. R., smiling satisfaction at her little joke.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A PHRENOLOGIST.—A Bumptious Person.



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Trainer (to Stable Lad, who has been put up to ride Outsider of wicked reputation and considerable powers in the way of bucking his Jockeys off). "NOW, TIM, IT'S PRECIOUS FEW BOYS 'AVE SUCH A CHANCE AS YOURS. YOU 'VE GOT A MOUNT FOR THE DERBY, AND A GOOD 'UN, TOO! NOW ALL YOU 'VE TO DO IS TO SIT ON HIS BACK AS STILL AS A MOUSE, AND DO YER BEST TO PRETEND YOU AIN'T THERE!"

Tim (from the Emerald Isle). "NOT THERE? FAITH, SIRR, I'M THINKIN' MAYBE HE 'LL BE MAKIN' THE DECEPTION AINSY! SURE THE TROUBLE'S LIKE TO COME IN IF I PRETEND THAT I AM THERE!"

TARTARIN À LONDRES.

THERE is reason to believe that M. ALPHONSE DAUDET, after his approaching visit to London, will publish another volume of the adventures of TARTARIN, in which the following will probably appear:—

CHASSE AU LION.

C'était un grand désert sauvage, orné de quelques plantes de la Société Métropolitaine des *Plagrouns*, grandes comme le baobab dans le pot de réveda. Sous le jour discret du brouillard, on les voyait à peine. Vous savez qu'à Londres le ciel est toujours brun. A droite, une masse confuse et lourde, une montagne peut-être! ... A gauche, un bruit sourd, probablement la mer qui roulait. ... Un vrai gîte à tenter les fauves. ...

Quittant la gare de *Cherincrosse*, un fusil dans les mains, TARTARIN avança lentement. ... Tout à coup, à quelques pas devant lui, quelque chose de noir et de gigantesque! ... C'était un lion couchant, un lion énorme. à n'en pas douter! ... TARTARIN se hissa sur un mur à côté. ... En joue! feu! pan! pan! Au coup de feu le Tarasconnais, renversé, tomba du petit mur. ... Bah! ... Pouch! C'était de l'eau! La Tamise ou la mer?

"Now then, commout!"

TARTARIN saisit une grosse main qui sortit du brouillard, et se leva péniblement.

"Pouah! Qués acc?" fit-il.

Le tueur de lions, stupéfait, se frotta les yeux ... Lui qui se croyait en plein désert! ... Savez-vous où il était ... ? Sur un pavé sale entre deux hommes en habits bleus.

Son Sahara avait des *polissmans*! C'était la Place de Trafalgar. A droite la *National Gallery*, monument superbe de l'architecture anglaise! A gauche le *Vite Al*, et ses omnibus, qui roulaient sourdement.

Et les lions? ... Au moment de quitter la Place, pour se rendre

avec les *polissmans* au *Scotch Landyard*, il les vit de nouveau, grands, calmes, se couchant au pied d'une colonne, dont on ne voyait que la base, évidemment un phare. Mais toutes les lumières du monde ne pourraient éclairer ces ténèbres d'enfer! ... Et l'eau? ... Ce n'était ni la Tamise, ni les vagues dominées par Britannia. C'était le liquide sale et boueux des petits jets d'eau, qui prêtent au "plus beau site de l'Europe," centre de la capitale de l'empire britannique, la beauté magnifique, la sublimité grandiose, et la splendeur éclatante d'une seringue de jardinier.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

That *Gray Lady Jane*, by FLORENCE WARREN, who wrote *The House on the Marsh*, should attract the Baron's attention, is not wonderful, but that so original and sensational an authoress should have given us such a disappointing story as is this of the *Gray Lady*, is marvellous. It begins well, and goes on well, up to p. 60, end of Chapter V., which is about the half-way house, and then there is only one surprise to come, and that is the surprise all FLORENCE WARREN's admirers must experience on arriving at the finish of the story of this shilling heroine of one hundred-and-two pages. The title is catching, as it suggests something new about that historically interesting personage, Lady JANE GREY. The only resemblance between her and the heroine of the novel being, that this Lady JANE frequently loses her head, and the other Lady JANE lost her head only once and never recovered it. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THEATRICAL WEATHER INTELLIGENCE.—The frost has been so prevalent and severe lately in London playhouses, that it is believed many of these places of entertainment will be immediately converted into skating-rinks for the unemployed. If the Theatres still remain open, and the aforesaid "frost" continues, the actors will be paid on a sliding-scale.



THE POLITICAL WATER-SHOW.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A FIVE-O'CLOCK KETTLEDUM. (VIXI PUELLI.)

LADIES, farewell to ye! I,
that illustrious
Bean of Apollo, that stormer
industrious
Of hearts and the sex's
attraction,
Render my sword and re-
tire from action.

Here, where your "Drum"
bids a strategist, wary at
Meeting Mamas, to a cheap
commissariat,
To muffins, to—coquetry's
blighter—
Tea, and the Five-o'clock-
tea Reciter.

Here, where you tame the
professed lady-killer, I
Doff my accoutrements, yield
my artillery,
Smiles, ogle, society prattle
—All that once thrilled
with delight the battle,

When through the rout I
careered, a NAPOLEON—
Goddess of gallantry, grant me, now
wholly on



Half-payment, this meed of my mettle—
One in the eye for the Drum and Kettle.

A COMPLAINT.

(By the Westminster Sunshine Recorder.)

PITY the woes of an over-worked instrument!
I have been much too exhausted to speak;
Forecasts of sunshine (which all have come
since true) meant
That, for two months, rest in vain I should
seek.

Once I considered my work was a sinecure;
Now Aix or Homburg would not mend my
state,
Useless to try water, grape, milk, or piney
cure,
Sunstroke at Westminster—that was my
fate.

Eight hours day, indeed! Folks philanthro-
pical
Overlook me, but the miners survey,
Their work is sunless, but I, in a tropical
Blaze, worked at least twelve long hours a
day.

Though I have rested a little, it's truly an
Effort to write even what I have done,
And if grey skies turn to blue so cerulean,
I shall again be recording the sun.

Hang such fine weather, with sun so infernally
Bright, and with sky so unchangeably blue!
Think of me, worn out, working eternally!
Think of the rain-gauge with nothing to do!
Think what high times for the upstart ther-
mometer!

I must toil on, no one asks what I like;
I should rise boldly, were I a barometer,
Were I a clock, I should speedily strike.

ADVICE GRATIS.—From among the Adver-
tisements in the Times:—

COOK.—English and foreign cooking, ice, French
hired, dinners, ball suppers, garden parties.
Job preferred. Disengaged.

A most accomplished Cook is this! She
cooks everything, from "ices" to "garden
parties." She is "disengaged," but "Jon"
has her preference. Jon, whoever he be, is a
lucky man. By all means let "Jon preferred"
make disengaged Cook his better half, and
his domestic happiness is assured.

LURED FROM LUNCH;

OR, A NEW INDUSTRY FOR LADIES.

(A Serio-Comic Tragedy, in any number of Acts.)

SCENE—The Judge's Room attached to a
Court of Law. Enter Aged Ecclesiastic
and Young Widow, ushered in by Official,
who places chairs, and bows.

Official. His Lordship is now summing up,
but he will be glad to see you after lunch.

Young Wid. And now, my aged, my nearly
only friend, I think it will be better if I see
the Judge alone. A woman's tongue is often
more powerful than a soldier's sword.

Aged Ecclesiastic (with old-fashioned
courtesy). Or a parson's homily. My dear
young friend, I will be within call. Raise
but your voice in anger, and you will find no
firmer friend, no braver defender, than the
Venerable ARTHUR TURNIPTON, Archdeacon
of Beanshire.

Young Wid. (with her hand to her heart).
How my arm trembles. Have I the courage
to show him the portfolio? Ah, here it is!
(Produces large paper parcel.) Will he look
upon it? Will he forgive this intrusion?
Soft, he comes. I must dissemble.

(Retires behind a desk.)

Enter Mr. Justice EASTERLY briskly; he casts
aside his official robes, and pulls off his wig.

Mr. J. E. And now I shall have just time
for my chop and nicely browned potatoes. I
ran it rather close, but I was forced to refer
to that last point. And to quote to me
SHELLEY's case! A man who is a mere lad—
why, he only took silk a dozen years ago.
And he to quote to me the case of SHELLEY!
However, let me cast off all thoughts of care,
and turn to food. My chop awaits me! (He
is about to leave the room when his progress is
barred by Young Widow.) Hem! a lady,
and comely, too!

Young Wid. (sinking on her knees). Oh,
forgive me, my Lord, if I have been guilty
of contempt of court. Pardon this intrusion.

Mr. J. E. (courteously). Nay, rise fair lady.
You have done no harm. I presume you are
a ward of court. I am no doubt your legal
guardian—you wish to consult me? What is
it? Is it anything to do with a mortgage?

Young Wid. (aside). His goodness brings
the tears to my eyes. (Aloud, but nervously.)
Well, my Lord, it was scarcely about a
mortgage that I wished to consult you. The
fact is—(she opens her bundle)—a firm of
eminent chocolate-makers are introducing
into the market a new kind of tea. See—
(takes out a packet)—we can let you have this
at one-and-fourpence-halfpenny the pound.
Can I tempt you?

Mr. J. E. (after a struggle to repress his
rage). Begone! No, do not argue with me.
I say, begone! Away, false one!

Young Wid. (raising her voice). You treat
me unfairly! Would that I had some one to
defend me!

Aged Ecc. (emerging from under the table).
You have! I am weak, but every drop of
my blood is at your service.

Mr. J. E. (haughty). And who are you,
Sir?

Aged Ecc. (solemnly). I am the defender
of the weak. Yes, proud representative of
the majesty of the law I scorn ye!

Mr. J. E. Why? What have I done to
merit your reproaches?

Aged Ecc. By refusing to take this lady's
tea. Do you not know that she receives a
commission for every ounce she sells, and yet
you will not buy one pound!

Mr. J. E. (with deep feeling). Archdeacon,
you have conquered! I feel that I am wrong.
I should encourage thrift, and a noble effort
to make both ends meet. Madam, I do not
know your name, but will you put mine down
for ten pounds of tea? You will charge the
commission, and share it with me—will you
not?

Aged Ecc. Of course. This lady is not
only in straightened circumstances, but a
thorough woman of business.

Mr. J. E. (who has been summoned by an
Official). And now fare-well. I go to admin-
ister justice. I leave with you my benediction.

Aged Ecc. Bless you! (He sinks upon his
knees, and his example is followed by Young
Widow.) Good bye, we shall meet again.

Mr. J. E. I hope so. (To Young Widow.)
You will not forget the tea. Good bye! (Exit.)

Aged Ecc. (To Young Widow). Nay smile.
Do not grieve. And now for another attempt.
We will call upon the Archbishop!

[Curtain closes in upon the tableau.]

A CIT TO SIR JOHN.

(Sir JOHN GILBERT, B.A., has presented some of
his pictures to the Corporation of London.)

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo!"

JOHN GILBERT, good Art Knight, JOHN,
When first I knew your fist,
I was a boy, who in my books,
Your "go" could ne'er resist.
And now my crown is bald, JOHN
(As yours may be, also.)
But blessings on your dashing brush,
For still 'tis full of "go"!

JOHN GILBERT (Knight), my Jo, JOHN,
Your pictures, grouped together,
Will brighten many a day, JOHN,
For oits, in gloomy weather.
Much modern art seems tame, JOHN,
But canvasses all glow,
When bold J. G. is signed at foot,
JOHN GILBERT (Knight) my Jo!

"THE MISSING LINK."—Few things more
annoying, if you possess only one set, than,
at the last moment, when you are already
late for your dinner-party, to be unable to
find the companion link for your shirt-cuff.
Let this occur on Bank Holiday, when all
shops are closed, and discomfort for the
evening will be that man's portion.

No Voice, However Humble, Lifted up for Truth, Dies.—*Whit'ier.*
'This World is a Beautiful Book, but of Little Use to Him who cannot Read it.'



THE GREATEST GIFT AND BEST RICHES.

Health is the Greatest Gift, Contentment the Best Riches.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means—thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, and over cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little shi—al home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The last I am, in common I darsay with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,
No waste of this effir make;

But drink the dregs, and hark the emp
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on January 21, 1888, he adds:—"DEAR SIR,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famous remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

"When Time who steals our years away,
I shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, AMERICA.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in all parts of the world for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it. Yours faithfully,

"AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL."

"OBESITY."—Hot Weather, Sleeplessness, Inflammatory Diseases, &c.—Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It removes excessive fat by simple and natural means; thus you keep the body in a healthy trim. It is cooling, soothing, and health-giving. It is impossible to overstate its great value in keeping the whole system vigorous and preventing unnecessary disease. It prevents and removes diarrhoea in the earlier stages.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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TRADE MARK
WHISKEY.

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See the Gall.
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Cash only.

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